THE DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

WEEKLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

NUMBER VII. Friday, February 15, 1800.

Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: Sine nervis altera quicquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat.

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Oderint, ut metuant.

*** Dramatic Writers, who deſire to have an *early* Review of their Publications, are requeſted to ſend a copy to the Editor, at the Printing-Office,

DRURY-LANE, *Friday, February* 7, 1800.

PIZARRO. *(Sheridan.)* LYING VALET. *(Garrick.)*

MR. CORY muſt give us leave to repeat the remark we made in our former Number, reſpecting the *impetuoſity* of his delivery, in the part of *Rolla*. He fatigues himſelf with unneceſſary exertion, and would ſucceed better, by aſſuming more calmneſs and repoſe of mind. *Rolla's* celebrated ſpeech, in

the Second Act, does not so much require *violence*, as weight and distinctness of enunciation. Miss HEARD, as *Cora*, *feels* her part too sensibly for her powers of nerve.

An apology was made for the change of the Entertainment, for which the New Musical Farce *Of Age To-Morrow* had been announced in the Bills. We are sorry to learn, that the accident which we noticed in our last, has been attended with serious consequences. Miss DE CAMP received a severe contusion in the head, which rendered chirurgical operations indispensibly necessary, and of course deprived the public of her performance. Mr. KELLY, we understand, has dislocated his shoulder. It is to be hoped, that the events of Thursday Evening will prove a wholesome warning to the servants of the Theatre, and enforce the necessity of * sweeping the Stage with greater care.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Friday, February* 7. 1800.

JOANNA. (*Cumberland.*)

POOR SOLDIER. (*O'Keefe*)

It gives us pleasure to learn, that the *success* of *Joanna* has sickened *Mr. Cumberland* of his co-part-

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* The disaster, it seems, originated in the peal of an Orange, which the *Copper Captain* throws away.

nerſhip in the *manufacture* of German plays. We ſhall not, we hope, be accuſed of *ſcurrility* (See Mr. CUMBERLAND'S preface to *Joanna*, page 7.) if we congratulate the public on this gentleman's determination to reſt his future hopes and pretenſions entirely on his *own* powers. "I can aſſure the "public (he writes) that I will never ſtand upon "*German legs* any more; but take my chance with "my countrymen for ſo much of their favour, as my "own *independent efforts* can obtain for me."—This is the very preciſe point, to which we have laboured to bring him.

We muſt likewiſe beg leave to offer a few remarks on his complaints of being *miſled*; and that his *miſleaders* had been "paſſed over uncorrected," whilſt the poor *author*, and the author *alone*, was obliged to ſtand the laſh. When a dramatic writer undertakes to furniſh a work for the Stage, the DRAMATIC CENSOR has no concern with his *private* motives and inducements. If he ſuffers himſelf to be *miſled* 'tis his own *prudence* that he compromiſes; and the critic has no authority to admit this plea, as a *ſet-off* againſt the defects, and blemiſhes of his work. 'Tis a plea which may partially acquit him, in *foro conſcientiæ*, but of which the *public tribunal* can take no cognizance.

It does not, however, appear from the information we have been able to acquire (if, like our author, *we* have

have been *miſled* and miſinformed, in this particular, we ſtand under Mr. CUMBERLAND's correction) that he *has* been ſo groſsly *miſled*, as he complains. He expreſsly tells us, page 8. that he had *ſtrong reaſons* for undertaking the taſk, and that the proprietors ſeconded his efforts with the utmoſt liberality. That he availed himſelf of this diſpoſition on the part of the proprietors, to its full extent, we *know*; his hands were *free* and *unſhackled*. And ſo *confident* was the gentleman of his triumph, that but a few hours previous to the drawing up of the curtain, he explicitly declared, that he would *not give half-a-crown*, taking the matter even in a *pecuniary* light, *to enſure the ſucceſs of the play*. Moſt woefully, indeed, muſt the gentleman have been *miſled*, if we place his *diſappointment* to that ſcore.

Mr. CUMBERLAND then proceeds to combat the opinion, (ſo falſely, it ſeems, and ſo unjuſtly circulated) that he deſigned to ſtart, in the perſon of *Joanna*, a rival to the *wide-waſting Pizarro* of Drury Lane. Poor, modeſt man! he never had the *vanity* to harbour ſuch a thought. "As for *Pizarro*, I * *envy* not his "ſucceſs, I do not aſpire to rival it." But in how far does this declaration (made ſubſequent to the *miſcarriage*

* To prove the impoſſibility of his *envying* the ſucceſs of *Pizarro*, Mr. CUMBERLAND takes eſpecial care to inform us, towards the cloſe of his *Preface*, that his juſt claims on Drury Lane are *with-held* from him. It requires more than *political* caſuiſtry and *Jeſuitiſm*, to ground this inference on the *experience of human nature*.

miſcarriage of his attempts) ſquare with the *evidence of facts?* Will any impartial reader or ſpectator have the hardihood to deny, that there is a viſible and palpable reſemblance between the two productions—a reſemblance, not the effect of thoſe general cauſes which produce a ſimilarity in pieces conſtructed on ſimilar principles, but evidently *ſtudied*, and *laboured*? Is the coincidence in the whole arrangement of the piece, the marches, proceſſions, &c. the mere reſult of *chance*? Is it merely *chance* that ſuggeſted the introduction of the ſongs, choruſſes, &c.?—for we are expreſsly told in the *Preface* (page 11) that "there "is *no muſic* in the original." Does the prologue furniſh no *preſumptive* evidence againſt him?

We've given him all our care—with muſic's aid,
And painting's art, his ſplendid ſcene array'd;
That when his Muſe imperial ſhall be ſhown
Audience not leſs illuſtrious than her own,
She may not have it in her power to ſay,
A *Britiſh Stage* diſgrac'd a *German Play*.

Surely there are certain occaſions and ſituations, in which an author cannot expect to have all his aſſertions received *on truſt*.

Could we, in reprobating a ſyſtem of *national degradation*, (we allude to what we ever have, and ever ſhall condemn—whilſt there exiſts the leaſt ſcintillation of *native genius* in the country, the *vamping-up* of German plays) ſuffer *perſonal* conſiderations to weigh againſt *public* juſtice, we certainly ſhould join our ſincere *regret* to Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *diſappointment*. For

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the *individual* we are unfeignedly ſorry, eſpecially when we reflect upon the woeful waſte of time and labour, which Mr. CUMBERLAND has entailed upon himſelf by his own avowal: "The taſk of adapting "this German Drama to our Stage, was no work of "my ſeeking, and though I expended more pains "upon it, than ever I did upon any play in "my life, the hopes I formed of its ſucceſs were "chiefly grounded on the *briliancy of the Spectacle,* "*and the excellence of the muſic.*"—Another teſtimony in corroboration to what we above advanced, reſpecting its reſemblance to *Pizarro.*

Mr. CUMBERLAND has added four lines to the *Prologue,* in the printed copy of his play, which it may not be inexpedient to ſubjoin.

"Still, if you think the Britiſh Stage diſgrac'd
"Is it by us, or by the public taſte?
"Let our Spectators ſtoop to your decree,
"And as our maſters are, ſo we will be."

DRURY-LANE, *Saturday, February,* 8, 1800.

WILL. (*J. Reynolds*) SCOTCH GHOST.

The APPRENTICE. (*A. Murphy.*)

In conſequence of Miſs DE CAMP's indiſpoſition, the part of *Albina* devolved on Miſs MELLON. Miſs MENAGE undertook the perſonation of *Cicely Copſley.*

We are happy to ſee Mr. KING re-aſſume the character of *Sir Solomon Cynic.* He ſtands ſuperior and alone in parts of this caſt.

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The SCOTCH GHOST is a compromiſe of *rational* amuſement for *dance* and *puppet-ſhow*. But the ſtage has long been ſubſervient to the *nurſery*.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Saturday, February*, 8, 1800.

SPEED the PLOUGH. (*Morton.*)

ROSINA. (*Mrs. Brook.*)

To reſcue the Engliſh ſtage from the uſurpation of Kotzebue, is ſo laudable and patriotic an enterprize, that the very attempt has a legitimate claim to our thanks and commendation. But we feel a double intereſt in the ſucceſs of the undertaking, when the author, in addition to his reſiſtance of *foreign invaſion*, nobly dares to combat the prevalence of falſe taſte and puerile attractions at *home*, when he dares to truſt to his own powers, and diſdains the meretricious charms of ſhow and ſing-ſong.

In the production of the preſent Drama, Mr. MORTON has atchieved a more than *Herculean labour*. He has fought and foiled a *Proteus Bully*, at his own weapons. He has accompliſhed what the *Laureat* in vain attempted to perform. He has demonſtrated the competency of *genius* to triumph over prejudice and *ſecond dotage*; and has given a blow to Kotzebue, from which, we truſt, that *Pretender*, that *Dramatic Quack*, that *Literary Empiric* will not eaſily recover. He has ——but we adhere to the leading features of our plan, neither to praiſe nor cenſure upon mere aſſertion

aſſertion——and ſhall, therefore, refrain from paſſing judgment upon the piece, till we have given an adequate analyſis; which the merits of the play under conſideration have a right to demand ſhould be ample, diſtinct, and claſſically arranged.

As the length of our publication, even on the ſcale of enlargement to which we this week incline, will not permit us to do juſtice to the *whole* of the New Comedy, we purpoſe to confine our ſtrictures to the Firſt and Second Act. 'Tis not the *leaſt* among the many recommendations of Mr. MORTON's Comedy, that the intereſt of the play increaſes with every Scene and Act. For this reaſon, we ſhall reſerve the Third Fourth, and Fifth Act for our next Number, and promiſe ourſelves, that our readers will approve of an arrangement, which equally conſults the honour of the author and their own gratification. To give a confuſed, mixed, and garbled account of a Drama may ſuit the views of *Newſpaper-critics*, who are more in the habit of advancing aſſertion, than argument; but a DRAMATIC CENSOR cannot regard ſuch a mode of procedure in any other light than that of literary ſacrilege.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Philip Blandford, - - -	Mr. POPE.
Sir Able Handy, - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Bob Handy, - - - - - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Farmer Aſhfield, - - - -	Mr. KNIGHT.
Henry, - - - - - - - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Morrington, - - - - - -	Mr. MURRAY.
Evergreen, - - - - - -	Mr. DAVENPORT.

Gerrald,

Gerrald, - - - - - - - - Mr. WADDY.
Miſs Blandford, - - - - - Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. Aſhfield, - - - - - Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Suſan Aſhfield, - - - - Miſs MURRAY.
Lady Handy, - - - - - Mrs. DIBDIN.

ACT I.

SCENE. I. Exhibits a rural picture, with Farmer ASHFIELD's houſe on the * left. Some domeſtic chit-chat paſſes between *Aſhfield* and his wife, the humour of which conſiſts chiefly of puns, and diſcovers an inveterate antipathy on the part of *Mrs. Aſhfield*, towards a *Mrs. Grundy*, whoſe ſuperior circumſtances in life, it is to be preſumed, excite the good dame's jealouſy. "*Mrs. Grundy's* butter (we "are told) is all the *fat* of the market."—"What "will *Mrs. Grundy* ſay to this?" "What will *Mrs.* "*Grundy* think of that?" The idea is natural, but the author bandies about the name of *Grundy* too frequently, and evidently to ſerve as a *trap* to the galleries.

Mrs. Aſhfield having at length done with *Mrs. Grundy*, informs her huſband, that a gentleman in a very rich and elegant dreſs had put a letter into her hand that morning, as ſhe paſſed through the

* As theſe circumſtantial details are intended for the information of the public at large, the Editor has deemed it moſt expedient to determine the relative ſituations of *Right* and *Left* from the place which the audience occupy in the Theatre. He might have availed himſelf of the technical terms O. P. and P.S. to avoid the ambiguity, but he juſtly conceived that the adoption of thoſe terms would favour of affectation.

village, and with great politeneſs requeſted her to deliver it to her huſband. This letter is from their daughter *Suſan*, and apprizes them, that ſhe hopes in a few hours to have the pleaſure of embracing her dear father and mother, being engaged as an attendant on *Lady Handy*, who formerly lived ſervant with the *Aſhfields*, but had lately been married to *Sir Abel Handy*, and was coming down to thoſe parts to trump up a match between her ſon-in-law *Robert* and *Miſs Blandford*, daughter to *Sir Philip*, the Lord of the Manor. This intelligence yields great delight to the affectionate parents, and a ſcene of very pleaſing rivalſhip takes place between huſband and wife, which is ſtrictly natural and characteriſtic. "How "pretty ſhe (*Suſan*) writes Father and Mother!"— "Yes! but Father *firſt*." This is one of thoſe delicate touches, the effect of which is better felt than deſcribed.

Evergreen, the truſty gardener and, as it appears, the confidential domeſtic of *Sir Philip*, now enters with the news, that the Baronet is expected at the Caſtle, after an abſence of twenty years. He requeſts the *Aſhfields* to lend their aſſiſtance in preparing for *Sir Philip's* reception, which the honeſt farmer and his wife readily engage to do. Farmer *Aſhfield* marches off, admoniſhing his wife to mind her *P's* and *Q's*. "Let every one make his bow, and behave pretty." Mr. MORTON, like Mr. REYNOLDS, is in the habit of ſeizing upon a particular phraſe, which he bandies inceſſantly about, till it aſſumes the guiſe of a cha-

racteriſtic

racteriſtic feature. He at the ſame time authorizes his wife to read *Suſan's* letter, and let *Evergreen* ſee how prettily ſhe writes "*Father.*" This is a *trait* from Nature, which makes amends for the *trickery* of the *hacknied* phraſes of "*behaving pretty,*" and the conſtant reference to "*Mrs. Grundy.*"

SCENE II. Diſcovers a view of the park-lodge. The ſervants of *Sir Abel Handy*, a whimſical and eccentric old gentleman, whoſe foible is a ſtrong paſſion for ſtrange and fanciful inventions, are buſy in conveying the Baronet's contrivances to the Caſtle. Among theſe, his newly invented *Curricle-Plough* cuts a conſpicuous figure. He is further provided with a *patent medicine cheſt*, (which the ſervant lets fall, as he croſſes the ſtage) a lot of *Archimedean cork-ſcrews*, and an *infallible axle-tree*, which, to his grief and ſurpriſe, he finds has had the misfortune to break down. Farmer *Aſhfield* enters on the left and contemplates the ſcene with aſtoniſhment. *Sir Abel* ſoon after makes his appearance on the right, and enquires for Farmer *Aſhfield*. This enquiry being directed to *Aſhfield* himſelf, cauſes the farmer to fall a "tittering," as he terms it. *Sir Abel* preſently furniſhes him with new food for laughter. He is equipped with a curious inſtrument under his arm, which proves to be a portable chair, in which he ſeats himſelf to examine the deſcription and various *items* of improvement, ſtated to have been lately made

made on *Sir Philip Blandford's* eſtate. Among other recommendations the premiſes are ſaid to command a delightful view of the Iſle of Wight. Farmer *Aſh-field* adviſes him to get up the chimney, if he wiſhes to obtain a ſight of it. This the Baronet reſents. A man of *his* celebrity to climb a chimney! an inventor of patent tweezers, patent tooth-picks, and patent tinder-boxes! One who has been conſulted on the *Graveſend Tunnel*, and the *Wapping-Docks!* and who lately obtained a patent for an invention to convert *ſaw-duſt into deal-boards* (in the preſent ſtate of our manufactories this ſally of humour would, perhaps, have been more pointed, and the abſurdity of *Sir Abel's* plans more glaring, had the author talked of converting ſaw-duſt into *paper*) and a new contrivance to clean rooms, through the medium of a *ſteam-engine! He* get up a chimney, indeed! No, truly, he means to view the glorious proſpect with his New Glaſs, his own invented tube for diſcerning diſtant objects. Accordingly *Sir Abel* pulls out a Teleſcope, conſtructed on the principle of a modern opera-glaſs, the tubes of which ſlide into each other. But the *Iſle of Wight* defies, even the powers of his own perſpective. Nor is this the only inſtance, in which the Surveyor's deſcription appears rather exaggerated. The fine "cool ſummer-houſe" ſtands in want of a *roof*; and the *well-ſtocked* fiſh ponds are dried up every ſummer. In ſhort, the only ſtatement which is found to ſquare with truth, is the winding up of the account: "the whole *capable* of great improvement!"

A ſervant now enters to inform *Sir Abel* of the arrival of his ſon *Bob*, who has been ſent to Germany and other parts of the Continent, to qualify him for the office of executing the mighty projects of his ingenious father. *Bob* is deſcribed by his fond parent as a *Genius*, a *Second Crichton*, a *Univerſaliſt*, who excells in every art, ſcience and accompliſhment. Of this we ſoon have convincing proofs. *Bob* makes his appearance in the equipment of a coachman, having taken the reins out of the hands of the driver, who ſlily receives a guinea from this modern *Jehu*, as a compenſation for damages done to the carriage, by his unſkilful management of the horſes. Previous to *Bob*'s entrance on the ſcene, he paſſes the church, where hearing the *Ringers* at work to welcome the return of *Sir Philip Blandford*, he skips up the belfry to give them a leſſon.

After the uſual compliments between father and ſon, accompanied with a ſlight reprimand, on the part of the former, for which *Bob* furniſhes juſt occaſion, by not paying his reſpects to *Sir Abel* in London, immediately on his arrival from Germany, the topic of *Sir Abel*'s recent marriage is diſcuſſed. *Bob* now learns the character of his mother-in-law, which appears to be modelled, together with that part of *Sir Abel*'s delineation, which reflects the *hen-pecked* huſband, from the *Mr.* and *Mrs. Worry*, in Mr. REYNOLD'S Comedy of *Management*. But Mr. MORTON has conſiderably improved upon the

hint, by *embodying* the idea, and converting a *character* into an *acting perſonage*. It is only to be regretted, that our author has deſcended to dilate on ſuch a ſtale and exhauſted ſubject. Ribaldry and common-place but too frequently appear as the ſubſtitutes for humour. The deſcription of Lady *Handy's* powers of tongue is abſolutely contemptible, though it may anſwer the writer's aim, to *make the injudicious rabble laugh*.—— "Did you ever live next "door to a pewterer's? Did you ever hear a "dozen fire-engines in full gallop? *Was (*were*) "you ever at Billinſgate in the ſprat-ſeaſon?"— Such images are beneath the dignity of dramatic compoſition, and the general tenor of Mr. MORTON's pen.

Aſhfield, as well indeed he may, relapſing into his *tittering vein* on hearing this elegant deſcription of Lady *Handy*, (his *ci-devant* ſervant) *Bob* reſolves to puniſh him for his diſreſpect towards his honoured mother-in-law, by "*quizzing*" the old boy. Accordingly he ſteps up to the farmer, and queſtions him on the ſubject of country games and paſtimes. *Cudgel-playing*, of courſe, forms part of the converſation, when *Bob*, hoping to practice a *manœuvre* on

* We would recommend to Mr. 'MUNDEN to be more correct in his delivery of this paſſage: a grammatical error of ſuch notorious delinquency we cannot poſſibly impute to the author, whoſe language, in the aggregate, is chaſte, elevated, and in ſome inſtances, truly *ſublime*.

on *Aſhfield*, receives a *tightiſh* blow on the head, which convinces him, that he is not ſuch a perfect maſter of the different guards as he had flattered himſelf. He takes the retort, however, in very courteous part, and underſtanding that *Aſhfield* is the father of *Suſan*, for whom he has conceived a very tender attachment, (which he has prudential cauſes for wiſhing to conceal) ſhakes hands with the farmer, and agrees, that a "broken head ſhall break no ſquares" between them.

SCENE III. lies in the Park. *Morington* and *Gerald* croſs the ſtage, muffled up to eſcape obſervation. Their diſcourſe turns upon a youth, who they had been given to underſtand was ſtill alive, though they now appear to have reaſon for altering their opinion in that reſpect. On the approach of footſteps they retreat, but the concluding words of their converſation are overheard by *Henry*, a youth, who had been educated in total ignorance of his parentage. He ruſhes after them, but in vain, to obtain an explanation.

Henry next encounters *Evergreen*, who apprizes him that this muſt be his laſt viſit to the Caſtle. The ſolemn injunction he receives, not to throw himſelf in the way of *Sir Philip*, increaſes *Henry's* ſolicitude to penetrate the myſtery in which his birth appears to be involved. Confident that *Evergreen* muſt be entruſted with the important ſecret, he urges that honeſt domeſtic to a diſcloſure. But perceiving

perceiving the cruel embarraſſment into which his preſſing entreaties have thrown his friend, he checks his curioſity, and the plain, but comprehenſive queſtion—" Henry, have I deſerved this from you ?"—at once determines him to remain in ignorance and doubt, rather than purchaſe the knowledge he ſo ardently covets, at the expence of perjury. It is here that *Henry's* real character begins to unfold itſelf. His nobleneſs of ſoul, in preferring his friend's peace of mind to his own, receives additional luſtre from a collateral circumſtance, which the author with great addreſs has interwoven with the leading incidents of the plot. *Henry* has juſt returned from paying a viſit of benevolence to a ſick youth, whoſe bodily ſufferings, however great, were yet alleviated by the commiſeration and foſtering care of *parents*. " 'Twas a *father*'s hand ad- " miniſtered the remedy; 'twas a *mother*'s tear that " ſweetened the cordial." The heart that cannot *feel* the delicacy of this touch, is aſſuredly not caſt in Nature's common mould. *Henry* concludes with obſerving, that there is not in the wide range of creation a ſingle animal, ſave man, that is from policy debarred, by its own race of beings, from parental care.

ACT II. SCENE I. opens with a rural proſpect.—*Aſhfield*'s wife is diſcovered, on the right, making lace, a talent on which that lady greatly piques herſelf. She is the only one, by her own confeſſion, in thoſe parts

parts who underſtands that art. We do not mean to diſpute the good dame's abilities, but we may be allowed to queſtion the propriety of introducing her in this employment, when we had a right to expect from the preceding ſcenes, that ſhe was fulfilling her promiſe to *Evergreen*, to aſſiſt in the domeſtic arrangements of the Caſtle. As this incident is evidently foiſted into the plot, to afford an opportunity of diſplaying the verſatile powers of young *Handy*, the author might eaſily have obviated this abſurdity, by aſſigning the part to the hands of ſome *young* girl, which would at the ſame time give greater weight and pertinency to the ſubſequent remark of Miſs *Emma Blandford*, when ſhe diſcovers *Bob* in the act of giving inſtructions to the lady: "Is he making *lace*, or making *love?*"

Bob Handy now enters, and after a ſhort ſoliloquy about his own concerns, begins to look about him. He no ſooner eſpies *Aſhfield*'s wife, than with his characteriſtic ſelf-ſufficiency, he runs to give her a leſſon. After informing her, that he is a practical connoiſſeur, having ſpent two months at Mechlin, for the expreſs purpoſe of ſtudying the art of lace-making, he drops on his knees (very properly taking care not to ſoil his breeches, though in the concluding ſcene of this Act, he does not appear ſo nice about his clothes, by ſpreading his white pocket handkerchief on the ground) and falls to work.

Whilſt *Bob* is engaged in this creditable employment, *Sir Abel* enters on the oppoſite ſide, eſcorting Miſs

Miſs *Emma Blanford*, the intended bride of his ſon. *Sir Abel* immediately enquires for the gallant youth: "Where's *Bob?*" *Emma* diſcovers the gentleman on his knees, and directs *Sir Abel's* attention to the object of his enquiries. "'Tis *Bob*, ſure enough," quoth the father—"Is he making *lace*, or making *love?*" demands the lady. *Sir Abel* walks up to his ſon, who in his confuſion at being caught in ſuch a ſituation by the daughter of *Sir Philip*, toſſes the cuſhion away, and, heedleſs of *Mrs. Aſhfield's* remonſtrances that he has ſpoiled her lace, puſhes her fairly off the ſcene.

Sir Abel now introduces his ſon to *Miſs Emma*, who, like himſelf, is but recently returned from the Continent. A converſation enſues, not much in the ſtyle of courtſhip, relative to their travels abroad. But we readily pardon the *coldneſs* of this diſcourſe, in conſideration of the juſt, valuable and neceſſary remark it uſhers in. *Bob* aſſumes a more gallant tone, and after paying ſome elegant compliments to *Miſs Emma*, who profeſſes herſelf indebted to her own country, to England, for what little ſhare of merit ſhe may lay claim to, replies in a ſpeech, which deſerves to be recorded on monumental braſs, and inſcribed, in letters of gold, over the doors of our Theatres: "THEN, "MADAM, LIKE OTHER GERMAN IMPORTATIONS, "YOU HAVE ONLY RESTORED TO US OUR NATIVE "EXCELLENCE."——He then proceeds to expreſs his moſt ſanguine hope, that our *native artiſts* will

will no longer be neglected for *foreign hirelings*, but meet with due patronage and encouragement. Mr. MORTON, in his preſent production, has demonſtrated the truth of the gentleman's *aſſertion*, and the public, we are perſuaded, will cheerfully take upon themſelves the grateful office of fulfilling his patriotic *wiſhes*.

Bob then launches into a vein of pleaſantry, and underſtanding from *Emma*, that *Sir Philip* is of a peculiarly reſerved and rather deſponding habit, promiſes to *laugh* her father out of his gravity. To this ſpeech *Emma* makes anſwer with a proper ſenſe of filial duty, by informing *Mr. Handy*, jun. that the gentleman who hopes to gain an intereſt in her affections, muſt pave his way to her heart, by manifeſting the moſt reſpectful veneration for her father.

Farmer *Aſhfield* ſhortly after enters to inform *Sir Abel*, that *Lady Handy orders* him to attend her immediately. *Bob* rather ſtickles at the word *orders*, but the Baronet aſſures him that the meſſenger has committed no *miſtake*.

SCENE II. ſhows us the interior of *Aſhfield's* kitchen. Lady *Handy* ſurveys the place with affected ſurprize; and does not feel herſelf obliged to *Suſan*, who accompanies her, for her endeavours to freſhen the remembrance of *old* ſcenes, which her ladyſhip chooſes to regard as *novel*. She rather wiſhes the daughter of her *ci-devant* maſter to ſpare

herſelf

herſelf the taſk of "recollecting what ſhe *was*, to "aſſiſt her in the remembrance of what ſhe now "*is*." On the approach of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Aſhfield*, her ladyſhip's uneaſineſs increaſes, and it is with conſiderable difficulty ſhe can prevail upon herſelf to ſtay, and ſtand the *ſhock of their civilities!*

Sir Abel now makes his appearance, followed by the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe. The honeſt parents immediately run to embrace their daughter, who returns their careſſes with equal tenderneſs.—*Aſhfield* then apologizes to *Lady Handy* (or *Lady Nelly*, as he terms her) for making a difference between *Suſan*, who is their own fleſh and blood, and her ladyſhip. To atone for this neglect he gives her ladyſhip a *buſs*, rather of too boiſterous a nature for the refined delicacy of the lady's nerves. Perceiving that ſhe makes very laviſh uſe of her *rouge*, he enquires, whether it is the faſhion for ladies of *Ton* to paint their cheeks with *red ochre?* This is the method (he obſerves) I take to know my ſheep. "The Flocks of Faſhion, *Sir Abel* makes anſwer, "are all marked ſo." Her ladyſhip grows impatient, and deſires *Suſan* to prepare a room for her to dreſs.

Bob enters ſoon after, and pays his reſpects to his new mother-in-law in a manner which her ladyſhip does not conceive to be the moſt reſpectful. She therefore expoſtulates with him on the indecorum

of

of his behaviour. *Bob* firſt finds fault with her manner of dropping a *courteſey*, in which he offers to be her inſtructor: then her *twiddle* of the head offends him, and here, likewiſe, he gives her a leſſon. Her ladyſhip pronounces his inſolence intolerable; and after ſome altercation with *Sir Abel*, calls for her fan. This furniſhes the Baronet with an opportunity of diſplaying his inventive powers: "Whilſt ſome men carry ſwords and ſuch like dan-"gerous weapons in their ſticks, I, more gallant, "do carry a fan?" He accordingly unſcrews the top of his cane, and, *mirabile dictu!* produces a *fan; which he tenders to *Lady Handy*. The latter begins to flouriſh the inſtrument *a-la-mode*, when *Bob* tells her that ſhe wields it very ungracefully, and rudely ſnatching the fan out of her hand, ſhows her the polite and faſhionable method of uſing it. *Lady Handy* can bear with his impertinence no longer, and calls *Suſan* to conduct her to her dreſſing-room.

Suſan obeys the ſummons, and *Bob* improves this opportunity to ſlip a letter into her hands. His conduct does not entirely eſcape the obſervation of

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* On the firſt repreſentation, *Sir Abel*, among other inſtances of obſequiouſneſs to his wife, appeared as the bearer of her *indiſpenſible*. *Aſhfield*, on finding that the ladies were not in the habit of wearing *pockets*, was deſirous to know, how they carried their prayer-books to church! *Sir Abel*, in reply, obſerves, that for once Faſhion had its conveniencies: "The ladies had "now an excuſe for not praying."

Abel, who queſtions him on the ſubject. *Aſhfield* likewiſe notices the circumſtance.

Next follows a deſcription of *Lady Handy's* extravagance. *Sir Abel's* beſt *coal-pit* is ſcarcely adequate to furniſh her with *white muſlins:* round her neck hang at leaſt one hundred acres of land: his beſt *goats* have been converted into *wigs*; and a princely *manſion* has dwindled into a diamond *ſnuff-box!* From this topic *Sir Abel* digreſſes to the impending ploughing-match, the grand agricultural meeting, from which the Comedy derives it's name. Could he but find a perſon capable of managing his newly-invented *curricle plough*! How certain would be his triumph. *Bob* announces himſelf as that man, though for a while he declines to engage in the conteſt. If there be a thing upon earth which he underſtands better than any other man, 'tis the very art in queſtion, the ſkilful management of a plough. *Sir Abel* intreats him to undertake the taſk, to which *Bob* at length conſents; and now father and ſon, alike confident of ſucceſs, anticipate the fruits of their victory. How the newſpapers will teem with the glorious account! That univerſal genius, *Handy, jun.*—his father takes him up—with a plough invented by *Handy, ſen.* defeated the firſt ploughmen in all Hampſhire! Let your *Bond-ſtreet butterflies* copy the bright example of *Handy, jun.*—let your *city-grubs* cultivate the field of ſcience, like *Handy, ſen.*—Theſe pleaſing reveries are cruelly interrupted by *Lady Handy's* imperious call

call for *Sir Abel*. "There's a *damper!*" The call is repeated. *Sir Abel* prepares to obey the mandate; but juſt whiſpers his ſon in the ear. "If you ſucceed, "*Bob*, I'll have a patent for my plough." Again is heard the ſhrill voice of *Lady Handy*. "Can't "you get a patent for ſtopping that ſort of noiſe?" —demands *Bob*.—"If I could, what a ſale it would "have!"—retorts *Sir Abel*. In walking off, he adds: "A patent *has* been obtained for the only "thing that would ſilence her—*a coffin!*"

SCENE III. a room in *Aſhfield's* houſe. *Aſhfield* and his wife are diſcovered converſing on the ſubject of the letter, which *Bob* delivered to their daughter. "If ſhame ſhould come to the poor "girl (quoth the wife), what would Mrs. *Grundy* "ſay?—"What would my poor old heart ſay?" —replies *Aſhfield*. Their converſation is interrupted by the entrance of *Henry*, whoſe looks betray the uneaſineſs of his mind. He mentions the ploughing match, and deſires to be informed, whether the ſucceſsful candidate will not have the honour of being introduced to the caſtle?" "Yes—replies *Aſhfield*—and be feaſted in the great Hall." This at once determines *Henry* to join the liſt of competitors: "Should I ſucceed, 'twill bring me to the "preſence of the man, who—I know not why— "ſeems to be the dictator of my fate." Finding him bent upon that attempt, *Aſhfield* promiſes to furniſh him with the beſt plough and cattle in the whole

whole county. *Henry* departs to make the neceſſary arrangements.

Suſan approaches reading *Bob's* letter, the contents of which overwhelm her with anguiſh and diſtreſs. *Aſhfield* and his wife ſtep aſide to obſerve her. She depoſits the letter in a little trunk on the table, which ſhe locks, and then vents her griefs in ſoliloquy. "Is it poſſible, that the man to whom I "have given my heart could write thus?—Oh, man, "ungrateful man! 'tis from our boſoms alone you "derive you power; how cruel then to uſe it, by "fixing in thoſe boſoms endleſs ſorrow and deſpair!" As ſhe quits the room, ſhe adds: "He might have "allowed me to eſteem him!"

The afflicted parents return to the room. We have now a ſimple but highly intereſting picture of unſophiſticated nature. Anxiety for their daughter's welfare prompts them to unlock the trunk, and poſſeſs themſelves of the cauſe of *Suſan's* uneaſineſs. But a ſenſe of propriety, on the other hand, forbids the attempt. In this ſtate of dilemma and embarraſſment they remain a conſiderable length of time, till curioſity ſtrengthened by their affection for their child gradually gets the better of their ſcruples. The wife has a *tightiſh* bunch of keys "of all ſizes," and the huſband can ſee no great harm in "trying a bit." At laſt the wife does try, and the trial ſucceeds. She opens the box and gives the letter to her huſband. But now the conſciouſneſs of guilt renders them cowards; they tremble at every ſound,

and

and eye each other with affrighted looks: "What "must that father and mother be about, that do "bluſh and tremble at their own daughter's com- "ing?"—*Aſhfield* determines to endure this agony no longer—he refuſes to read a word of the letter, which he returns to his wife: "Put it *where* thee "found it, and *as* thee found it." The wife readily obeys the order, and peace of mind follows as the certain concommitant of conſcious rectitude. *Aſhfield* declares his conviction, that *Suſan* will diſcloſe the whole affair to them, the moment they put the queſtion to her. A ſcene of ſelf-accuſation enſues for having entertained ſuch unworthy ſuſpicions of their daughter: "Has ſhe deſerved it of us? Did "ſhe ever in all her life deceive us? And thee to "go, like a damned ſpy, and break open her box! "I never ſaw thee look ugly before."—The letter being re-depoſited in the box, he exultingly exclaims: "Now I can with pleaſure hug my own "wife, and look my dear child in the face?"

Suſan is called in to receive a "bit of admo- "niſhing, and parent-like conſultation." She hopes ſhe has ever evinced a readineſs to receive admonitions from her dear father and mother, and a dutiful attention to their counſels. *Aſhfield* acknowledges, that ſhe always was a dutiful and obedient child: "But we all want to have our memory jog- "ged a bit ſometimes, why elſe does parſon preach "us all aſleep every Sunday?" He then proceeds to enquiries relative to the letter he ſaw her receive from young *Handy*, *Suſan*, with the frankneſs of innocence

innocence, makes a plain avowal. "Believe me, "dear father, if I concealed that letter from your "knowledge, 'twas becauſe I did not wiſh *your* "heart to ſhare in the pain *mine* ſuffers." She confeſſes that young *Handy* profeſſed love to her, and that his addreſſes were not unpleaſing to her. But he had now totally forfeited her eſteem. "His "letter contained ſentiments diſgraceful to himſelf, "and inſulting to me."—"Lord rabbit it!—ex-"claims the former—if I had known that, when "we were cudgelling to-day, I'd have lapped my "ſtick about his ribs pretty tightiſhly." *Suſan* earneſtly diſſuades him from purſuing violent meaſures, and her affectionate parent, after making one effort more, to obtain leave to "*lather* him a bit" —promiſes to be peaceable, and behave "pretty as "he always does."

This point ſettled, he reminds his daughter, that it is time to go to the green to ſee the fine ſight. Ere he takes his leave, with the fondneſs of a parent, he impreſſes upon her mind the ineſtimable value of innocence. "Virtue be to a young woman, for all "the world, what corn be to a blade of wheat. "Whilſt the corn be there, it be glorious to the "ſight, and it be called the *ſtaff of life*; but take "that treaſure away, what remains? Nought but "this, worthleſs ſtraw, which man and beaſt do tread "upon." Independant of *moral* beauty, this metaphor, in the mouth of a farmer, has the merit of being characteriſtic and appropriate.

SCENE IV.

SCENE IV. exhibits a very picturesque view of the country, with the ploughs in the distance. On the right hand is a kind of booth for the accommodation, it is presumed, of the gentry. The crowd of spectators occupy the front of the stage.

Sir Philip is not of the party, but his daughter condescends to honour the festivity with her presence. She enquires for young *Handy*. "You'll "see him presently"—replies *Sir Abel*—"You shall "see *Bob* plough" The *prize-bearers* now advance. *Sir Abel*, not perceiving any signs of *Bob*, asks with astonishment, whether the contest is already decided? Loud and reiterated *huzza's* answer in the affirmative, and announce the approach of the successful candidate. "Ha! here comes *Bob*"—quoth *Sir Abel*, but on turning round to greet the victor, he finds that *Henry*, and not his darling *Bob*, has gained the prize. He enquires for his son, but can obtain no satisfactory information. His new glass, his own invented tube is now resorted to, but to as little effect.

Henry is struck with surprize at the sight of the beautiful *Emma*, and enquires of *Ashfield*, who that fair and lovely angel is. On learning her name and family, he pathetically exclaims: "Ah! did her father but resemble her, I should have little to fear from his severity!" *Emma*, on her part, is not less prepossessed in favour of *Henry*. 'Till now she always thought, that ploughmen were "coarse, vul-"gar creatures," but this youth is "handsome and "diffident."

" diffident." " And very pretty behaved withall"—adds farmer *Aſhfield* (a ſtrange degree of familiarity ſeems to obtain between the daughter of *Sir Philip*, and the country bumpkins, who have aſſembled to witneſs the plowing-match)—" which, indeed, need " not be wondered at, for 'twas I *teach'd* him." *Emma* aſks the name of the winner. " *Henry*"—is the reply. She next enquires his *ſirname* and family—a demand which diſtreſſes the agonized heart of *Henry*, who is unable to return an anſwer, being himſelf kept in ignorance on theſe points. *Aſhfield's* wife interferes, and explains to Miſs *Emma* the nature of *Henry's* ſituation. *Emma* is ſhocked at her indiſcretion, and apologizes for her miſtake. " She " would not inſult an enemy, much leſs one whom " ſhe is inclined to *admire*—ſhe would ſay—eſteem." She promiſes him *Sir Philip's* protection and an aſylum in the caſtle, " To merit *his* eſteem (*Henry* " paſſionately replies) is the fondeſt wiſh of my " heart;—to be *your* ſlave the proudeſt aim of my " ambition!" The compliment is not loſt upon *Emma*, who hangs the prize round *Henry's* neck, which the youth kiſſes with fervent devotion.

Bob now makes his appearance amidſt ſhouts of laughter and deriſion, which he returns with looks of menace and defiance, brandiſhing in his hands, as he tells *Sir Abel*, a bit of his " curſed ricketty plough." *Sir Abel* deſires, that no ſarcaſms may be thrown out againſt his plough, and next requeſts to be informed, what is become of his famous Leiſterſhire horſes?

horſes? "What is the name of the next county?" —demands *Bob*—"Wiltſhire"—is the reply—"Why "then, by the neareſt calculation I can make, your "horſes (addreſſing himſelf to *Sir Abel*) are this "moment engaged in the very patriotic act of "ploughing Saliſbury plain."

The fiddles ſtrike up, as the ſignal for the dance. *Sir Abel* propoſes *Bob*, as Miſs *Emma's* partner; but that young lady, with *peculiar modeſty*, declines the hand of the man whom her father has ſelected for her husband, to cut capers with a *plough-boy*, whom till that moment ſhe had never ſeen, and whoſe rank in life renders him a very improper companion, on ſuch ſocial terms, for a ſingle lady of birth and fortune. This is the moſt objectionable feature in the whole play, and partakes of all the characteriſtic incongruities of the German Drama. The ruling planet of Miſs *Blandford's* nativity muſt have been in a very curious ſtate of conjunction, to warrant ſuch a ſtriking fatality of conduct. Introduced at the different courts of Europe, ſhe can find no object worthy of her attention, among the favourites of fortune and faſhion; but the moment chance throws a *plough-boy* in her way, ſhe falls over head and ears in love. It may well, indeed, appear ſingular, that *Sir Philip*, who is deſcribed as a very preciſe man, ſhould not keep a more vigilant eye over his daughter's conduct (eſpepecially when he knew that the object of his averſion lived on the ſpot) than to ſuffer her to gambol

with a troop of vulgar ruſtics. We ſhould have thought the fatigue of her journey (for ſhe arrives at the caſtle but that very day,) would have been a competent cauſe to keep her from joining in country dances.

Bob, diſappointed of his partner, declares his determination to be a mere ſpectator of the frolic, though he knows every ſtep from the *pas Ruſſe* to the *war-dance* of the *Catawaw Indians*. His father, with greater gallantry, profits of his wife's abſence to pick up a pretty wench, and all heels go to work immediately.

Bob finds the example contagious. Not being provided with a lady, he plants the ſhaft of the broken plough into the ground, and very merrily capers round it, till in an inſtant a new whim ſeizes him. He ſnatches the violin from the muſician ——and, to prove the verſatility of his talents, turns fiddler himſelf. This farce terminates the Second Act.

For the reaſons already aſſigned, we are compelled to poſtpone the remainder of our Analyſis, together with our ſtrictures on the performers, till our next.

DRURY-LANE, *Monday, Feb.* 10, 1800.

ISABELLA. (*N. Rowe.*) CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. (*Morton.*)

COVENT

COVENT-GARDEN, *Monday, Feb.* 10, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH. (*Morton.*) RAYMOND AND AGNES. (*Farley.*)

THE alterations in Mr. *Morton's* New Comedy on the ſecond night, conſiſted principally of retrenchments. But even in its preſent curtailed ſtate, the play is conſiderably too long. The Firſt Acts, as avowedly the leaſt intereſting, ſtill leave ample ſcope for the exerciſe of the pruning knife. The *common-place* on Lady *Roley poley's* green peas; with a variety of matter, which comes juſtly under the denomination of *ſlang*, might be very advantageouſly omitted. To this claſs we would likewiſe, with the permiſſion of the galleries, refer ſuch *forced* witticiſms as theſe. "A faſhionable aſſembly "is like a *Smithfield market*; where the ladies are "reckoned by *ſcores*, *like ſheep*, and their husbands "by *droves*, *like horned cattle*." Nor ſhould we be diſpleaſed, if *Sir Abel* would leave off ringing the changes upon the different acceptations of the word run. "Firſt they *run on*; then their fortune's *run through*; then bills are *run up*; then they're *run hard*; then they've a *run* of luck; and then they *run off*." Mr. MORTON ſhould diſdain to imitate the practice of the common herd of Dramatiſts.

DRURY-

DRURY-LANE, *Tueſday, Feb.* 11, 1800.

PIZARRO. (*Sheridan*).—MY GRAND-MOTHER. (*P. Hoare*)

THE indiſpoſition of Mr. KEMBLE is a ſubject of juſt regret. *Rolla* will not eaſily find ſo able a repreſentative.

Mr. DE CAMP performed the part of *Vapour*. He is a youth of promiſe.

The play at both Theatres was interrupted by a meſſage for one Mr. GRAY of the Cuſtoms, whoſe preſence was demanded at home, in conſequence of a conflagration in that vicinity. He was, very fortunately found at Drury-Lane.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Tueſday, Feb.* 11, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH (*Morton*).—TURN-PIKE GATE. (*Knight*).

DRURY-LANE, *Wedneſday, Feb.* 12; 1800.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. (*Sheridan*)—SCOTCH GHOST. VIRGIN UNMASKED. (*H. Fielding.*)

A Mr. TALBOT, late of the Dublin Theatre, ſuſtained this evening, for the *firſt time*, the part of *Charles Surface*. This Gentleman's figure is not unpleaſing, nor his voice abſolutely inharmonious; but he does not ſeem to underſtand the art of managing

naging it. His *eaſe* is evidently *laboured*, and in the aſſumption of a *careleſs*, he but too frequently degenerates into a *ſlovenly* gait. We do not throw out theſe hints to diſcourage this gentleman; bu to point out to his notice the failings he has mo aſſiduouſly to guard againſt and correct. We w do him the juſtice to acknowledge, that his actin evinced a capability of improvement.

Mr. AICKIN ſupported the part of *Sir Oliver* in a very gentlemanly ſtyle. WEWITZER is always *at home* in the delineation of foreign characters. Miſs BIGGS played *Lady Teazle* with great credit. Miſs HEARD appeared for the firſt time as the repreſentative of *Maria*.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Wedneſday, Feb.* 12, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH. (*Morton.*)—RAYMOND AND AGNES. (*Farley.*)

DRURY-LANE, *Thurſday, Feb.* 13, 1800.

THE SECRET. (*E. Morris.*)—OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THE public had this evening the pleaſure of hailing the return of Miſs DE CAMP to this Theatre, from which ſhe had been compelled to abſent herſelf for ſeveral days, in conſequence of the diſaſter ſhe met with on Thurſday week. The loud plaudits which greeted her from every quarter of the houſe

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muſt have been peculiarly flattering to her feelings, as unequivocal teſtimonies of the high eſteem in which ſhe deſervedly ſtands with the public.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Thurſday, Feb.* 13, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH. (*Morton.*)—RAYMOND AND AGNES. (*Farley.*)

The Royal Family viſited the Theatre this evening.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE, CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

THE Editor of the DRAMATIC CENSOR has been *honoured* with the correſpondence of two very intelligent critics: one of whom, from the ſpecimen we have ſeen of his poetical talents, appears to be a promiſing candidate for the *Laureatſhip*, whenever a vacancy ſhall happen to take place in that reſpectable department. The other, from the *elegant* ſtyle of his epiſtle, which betrays alike the *ſcholar* and the *gentleman*, may hope for employment in the *Anti-Jacobin*; or would be found ſerviceable for the *True-Briton*, as a Reporter of the proceedings at the Public Office in *Bow-Street*. Mindful of the ſolemn pledge he gave in the Firſt Number of this work, that the DRAMATIC CENSOR ſhould always be open to remonſtrances *drawn up with temper*, and

and properly accredited, the Editor conceives it an act of juſtice, equally due to the *writers*, and to *himſelf*, to publiſh the communications in queſtion. 'Twould be injurious to the republic of letters at large, that the *Salt* and *Pepper* of criticiſm ſhould be thrown away and trodden under foot; and regard to his own character for candour prompts the Editor to ſhow, that he is neither impenetrable to conviction, nor actuated by a ſenſe of falſe ſhame to cloak his own defects. He, therefore, very cheerfully ſubmits his errors and tranſgreſſions to public cognizance. The *poet*, of courſe, claims the preference.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir, your work I've read over,
And ſorry I am ſuch faults to diſcover,
As you ſay, that on truth, your plan it is laid,
No errors on your part ſhould ſurely be made.
But *an* obſervation made by a friend
To a man ſo impartial, will not offend.
In page *fifteen*, you've aſſerted as fact
That in the *Volcano*, no skittles did act;
I'm ſure tis a *lie*, for I ſaw them myſelf
Fall down and get up! tho' now laid on the ſhelf.
But, my dear Mr. DUTTON, if you don't believe *me*,
Two friends who were with me did alſo them ſee,
Who will ſwear, if you chuſe it, *down on their knees*
In the Court of King's Bench, or eke that of the Pleas.
They certainly played, and played *well* their part
Some were knocked on the head and ſome ſtruck in the heart
I therefore adviſe before ſuch things you do ſay,
That you would yourſelf go and witneſs the play.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Cenſor.

The *proſe critic* is known to us; but from motives of delicacy we forbear to mention his *name*. Though he ſteps forward, as the champion of Mr. POPE, we are perſuaded that gentleman (and here we beg leave ſolemnly to declare, and to this declaration we expect implicit credit, that the aſſertion we now make proceeds from the *heart*, and is not to be miſconſtrued, as *irony*) is not, in the remoteſt degree, a party to the tranſaction. We expreſsly add this avowal, as the writer aforeſaid originally ſignified his intention of referring the diſpute from the *cloſet* to the *ſtreet*, and foamed with threats of *manual* and *corporal* caſtigation, a mode of procedure which he ſince has very *prudently* thought proper to decline; the *appeal perſonal* not being a *ſolitary*, but a *civil*, *courteous* kind of game, at which *two* gentlemen may very conveniently aſſiſt. His letter runs thus:

"DEAR SIR,

I read a Number of your Dramatic Cenſor, and really think you one of the damndeſt Aſſes that ever I knew

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"Homage engages—"
T. Dutton *A. M.*
(*a*) *Aſs maximus*
"The advantages of (*b*) *ſize* and *figure*
in *this* reſpect &c"
where *larned* thou Grammer? (*c*)
No. 6 Price 6d—do you take (*d*) bad *halfpence*."

(*a*) It might, perhaps, have been as well, for the ſake of *uniformity*, had *ſubſtantive* and *adjective* been in the ſame language. The gentleman ſurely is ſufficiently a *Latin* ſcholar, to have written *Aſinus*.

(*b*) Having expreſsly obſerved in the Fifth Number of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, that the part of Lord *Albert* was in itſelf ſo trivial and contemptible, as to render it a queſtion of little ſignification, who performed it; we did not expect to find our remarks on the *re-aſſumption* of that character (page 185) by Mr. POPE miſconſtrued into a *perſonal* attack and ſarcaſm againſt that performer. We merely intended to inſinuate, that the part admitted of little or no diſplay of abilities. But the fact is, that this *officious*, ſelf-appointed champion of Mr. POPE, has made a *cloak* of that gentleman to cover his own *ſoreneſs* and irritation.

(*c*) We give this gentleman's correſpondence with *literal* preciſion, having laid the ſtricteſt injunctions on the Printer not to vary from the *original* (which may be ſeen by applying to Mr. ROACH, of Ruſſel Court, the Publiſher of this work) in a ſingle *iota*.

(*d*) For a ſolution of this queſtion, the writer muſt apply to the *Bookſeller*, of whom he purchaſes the DRAMATIC CENSOR. The Editor has no concern with this writer's *uſual* mode of payment.

The *Publican's Paper* informs us, that a New Opera, of *uncommon* promiſe!!! (*uncommon* it may well be ſtiled, in reference to the ſcource, whence it originates) is ſhortly forth-coming at Drury-Lane. It proceeds, we underſtand, from the *not-able* pen of the author of *Embarkation !!!*

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi.

COVENT-GARDEN, unwilling to appear *be-hind hand in Novelties*, will ſhortly regale the town with the *rare* Exhibition of *True Friends!*

The public may thank Mr. MORTON that the Review of the German Theatre is poſtponed. The Editor reſerves to himſelf the perogative of ſelection, and will ever give the preference to *native Genius*. At the ſame he frankly confeſſes, that he has ſo often diſappointed his readers, with reſpect to the German Review, that the public have a right to withhold their faith, till *ſeeing* furniſhes ground for *believing*.